Where rude misgouernd hands from windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on *King Richards* head.
Yorke. Then (as I said) the Duke great *Bullingbrooke*,
Mounted vpon a hote and fierie steede,
Which his aspiring rider seemd to know
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cride, God saue the *Bullingbrooke*,
You would haue thought the very Windowes spake:
So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage, and that all the Walles,
With painted imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preserue the welcome *Bullingbrooke*,
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke
Bespake them thus, I thanke you Countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.
Du. Alacke poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?
Yorke. As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a well graced Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did scoule on gentle *Richard*, no man cried God saue him:
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne vpon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience;
That had not God for some strong purpose steeld
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him:
But heauen hath a hand in these euents,
To whose high will we bound our calme contents,
To *Bullingbrooke* are we sworne subiect now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.
Dut. Heere comes my sonne Aumerle. (*Enter Aum. Yorke.*

Yorke. Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being *Ric*
And Madam, you must call
I am in Paliament pledge for
And lasting fealtie to the new
Dut. Welcome my sonne
That strew the greene lappe
Aum. Madam I know no
God knowes I had as liefe be
Yorke. Well, beare you w
Least you be cropt before yo
What newes from *Oxford?* do
Aum. For aught I know
Yorke. You will be there
Aum. If God preuent no
Yorke. What seale is that th
Yea, lookst thou pale? let m
Aum. My Lord tis nothi
Yorke. No matter then w
I will be satisfied, let mee see
Aum. I do beseech your
It is a matter of small conse
Which for some reasons I w
Yorke. Which for some r
I feare, I feare.
Dut. What should you f
Tis nothing but some band
For gay apparrell against th
Yorke. Bound to himselfe
That he is bound to? Wife
Boy, let me see the writting.
Aum. I do beseech you
Yorke. I will be satisfied;
He pluckes
Treason, foule treason: vill
Dut. What is the matter
Yorke. Ho, who is within

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